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## Purple Peruvian Potatoes

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## PURPLE PERUVIAN POTATOES

By Rosa Salazar

I baked **purple peruvian potatoes** the night before my brother came over, with rosemary, garlic, and olive oil. I had wanted purple mashed potatoes but upon slicing them I saw they were far too beautiful for smashing. To keep their patterning intact I cut some in chunks and some in thin circles. What a **skin tinged purple brown** ravishing, urgent scent as they baked! The **gouged-out eyes baring flesh** baking blurred their detail but still they **fractalling white borders amethyst** were beautiful next to the salad of romaine **entanglements, hemispheres** hearts and sugar plum tomatoes with sesame **intricate in cut disks** and seaweed dressing. I was alone in my **greased like ready muscles** apartment, feeling sumptuous and **crushed rosemary needles** solitary, and the next evening my brother **oily and wrinkled** was there when I got home. I asked if he **caramelized contours, ivory** wanted meat but he said whatever I had **scallop fans of pearly turnip** was fine. A beautiful girl had just finished **amaranthine spuds** breaking his heart. As we stood in the kitchen eating leftover baked purple potatoes with fresh anasazi beans and whole wheat tortillas, he remarked “Purple potatoes make the best mashed potatoes.” Not having received a response the first time, I asked again, “Water? Juice?” He choked out, “I did everything right!” and fell into my arms.